

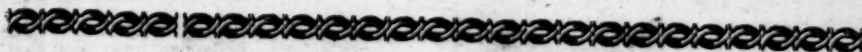
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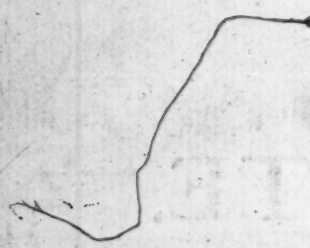
T H E

# TRIUMVIRATE.



[ Price ONE SHILLING. ]

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T H E

# TRIUMVIRATE,

## A POETICAL PORTRAIT.

Taken from the Life, and *finish'd* after the manner of SWIFT.

By VERITAS, an unknown Hand.

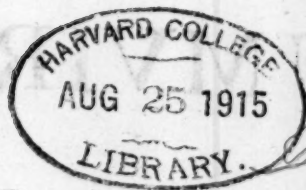
For want of motto take the names  
Of those *whom infamy proclaims*,  
*Who have the world's contempt employ'd*,  
By titles ~~Church~~<sup>Church</sup>, ~~Column~~<sup>Column</sup>, ~~Let~~<sup>Let</sup>-d,  
The subjects of the piece I draw,  
Who fear no sin exempt from law,  
In scandal busy, censure bold,  
By sense of Honour uncontroul'd;  
To all men foes who merit praise,  
Themselves and company to raise:  
With chaos heads and hearts of steel,  
*They not one virtue know or feel,*

But ever *studious to defame*  
An author's or an actor's name,  
O'er leap the sacred bounds of truth,  
Nor spare they sex, or age, or youth.  
But now in turns they shall be shewn,  
In colours glaring as the sun.  
And each so just, at sight you'll know  
The Parson, Lawyer, new made Beau,  
Acknowledging the very man,  
Such matter have I for my Plan.

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, in Ludgate-street.

MDCCLXI.

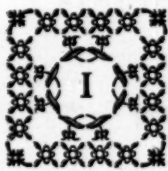


*Duplicate money*





T H E  
TRIUMVIRATE.



Sing (though, as my measure flows,  
You'd take it by your ear for prose,  
Yet rimes you know are always strung,  
As if appointed to be fung.)

Therefore I say, —I mean, I sing  
Of *Little Factions, Little King,*  
Of characters by men mistaken,  
Who shall not henceforth save their bacon ;

B

But

But each receive a proper rapper,  
And *I* the man, *I*—JACKY DAPPER.

Hard by the place where HAMPTON towers  
Invite the KING to groves and bowers,  
Where He may change the bustling scene  
For social comforts with his QUEEN,  
A *Monarch*, whose theatric rage  
Has fretted hours upon the stage,  
Pining for ever at his fate  
That gave him not a real state,  
(For *Av'rice*, *Envy*, *Pride*, *Suspicion*,  
Make up the Creature's composition.)  
From Folly's simple affection  
Rivals the KING in situation.

And *He* has walk, and grove, and grot,  
And every thing we wish him not.  
Gardens where nature is disgrac'd  
With all the wretchedness of taste ;

A temple

A temple of which Art's asham'd,  
 Misplac'd, mishapen, and misnam'd.  
 To SHAKESPEARE and his memory due,  
 That SHAKESPEARE whom he never knew ;  
 And whom he tortures every year,  
 By murdering HAMLET, RICHARD, LEAR.

Here oft the little monarch sits,  
 Surrounded by his little wits,  
*Wits*, for they bear the general name  
 Though *We* and *They* are not the same.  
 Who flatter, and perhaps would *Lie*,  
 Had they occasion for't, as *I*.  
 In vain is every virtue seen,  
 For virtue but provokes their spleen ;  
 In vain the CRITICAL REVIEW  
 Brought TRUTH and CANDOUR to their view.  
 In vain the NAIADS rear'd their heads,  
 Awaken'd from their muddy beds,

The wit (for never wit was seen  
 So smart, so lively, and so *clean*)  
 Made them but curl their nose, and shrink  
 As if affrightn'd at a stink.  
 Though SM-~~e~~-LL-~~e~~-T's self prefix'd his name,  
 Not SM-~~e~~-LL-~~e~~-T's self was free from blame,  
 Though to the work each printer swear  
 And rate its value from his share;  
 Though DESERT ISLE, the stage's pride,  
 Rang all aloud on every side,  
 They saw, they heard this DESERT ISLE,  
 Nor ever read without a smile;  
 Rejoicing always to defame  
 MINE and the mighty M<sup>urphy</sup>'s name.

M<sup>urphy</sup> with every talent grac'd  
 To be the arbiter of taste;  
 A genius for all subjects fit,  
 The SCHOLAR, GENTLEMAN, and WIT.

The



The SCHOLAR — though his foes belief  
Esteems him but a letter'd thief,  
Because he'd *prudently* entrench  
His stock of learning in the *French*.

The GENTLEMAN — for who could throw  
Such dirt upon a *reverend* foe?

\* Call CHARLY DUNGHILL, THIEF, pursue him,  
And LINK YOUR HONOUR, SHALL WE DO HIM?  
Except a man of nice proceeding,  
The perfect *quinfetence* of Breeding?  
But above all a charming WIT —  
Though some folks say, He borrow'd it;  
And those who lent it to his care,  
Found it return'd the worse for wear.

This HERO whose admir'd renown  
Had fascinated all the town,  
These *little* folks, but *little* known.  
Made *little* efforts to dethrone.

Nightly

\* See Advertisement to Ode to the *Naiads*.

Nightly they held a consultation,  
 A close designing combination.  
 And happy in their new alliance  
 Bad all my friends and Me defiance.

First <sup>Humph</sup> CALL bullied, blatant beast!  
 A hungry guest at every feast.  
 And therefore strange that He shou'd eat  
 At G<sup>arrie</sup>—k s, on a niggard treat;  
 To whom this manager so clever,  
 Who cannot bear a rival ever,  
 Not minding profit of a *louse*,  
 Granted the freedom of the house,  
 That He might take his critic chair  
 And libel every *better* play'r,  
 And turn the people's mind and brain  
 Against the folks at DRURY-LANE.  
 A reverend Parson, and a Wit!  
 Were ever functions so unfit?  
 The latter gave but little lift  
 Except a deanery to SWIFT.

Nor

Nor shall, if DAPPER can presage,  
Advance a CURATE in this age.

The ROSCIAD, full of bitter spleen,  
Where every thing and nothing's seen,  
Shew'd that his wit was clean and terse,  
But that his mind was fowr'd, or worse ;  
Or that perhaps his soul had grace,  
But that his wit was common place.  
Shew'd that his head was sound and clear,  
But that he writ without an ear ;  
Or that the things were smoothly said,  
But that He writ without a head.  
That He was given much to rail,  
That He was in and out of Jail.  
That both UNKNOWING and UNKNOWN,  
'Twas most undoubtedly his own ;  
And one with half an eye might see,  
It never was or could be He.

All



All wrong, all right, all truth, all fiction,  
 All good, all bad, all contradiction.

Oh ! for a Muse's kind assistance !  
 — Ladies, I beg it at a distance.  
 For never, though I've courted oft,  
 With language gentle, mild and soft,  
 Soft as thick ale whose fizy stream,  
 Flows mantling up in snowy cream,  
 Libation, in the place of wine,  
 I freely offer at your shrine,  
 Never did Muse my presence bless,  
 But left me helpless in distress.  
 If, PHOEBUS, to thy shrine I came,  
 My fire ne'er mounted to a flame,  
 But hovering round the Saveall's brink  
 Went off ill-omen'd in a flink.  
 Yet let me now thy favours reach,  
 To tell the characters of each.

—Yes,



— Yes, all the FACTION were employ'd,  
'Twas G<sup>arrie</sup>-K, C<sup>hunch</sup>-LL, C<sup>alma</sup>-N, L<sup>oy</sup>-D.

Heav'n's ! what an omen ! dreadful fate !  
I meant but a TRIUMVIRATE.  
To tell of *three* I meant,—no more,  
See ! my TRIUMVIRATE is *four*.

\* *The subjects of the piece I draw*  
—Have hardly talents worth a straw.  
*In scandal busy, censure bold,*  
—In Summer hot, in Winter cold.  
*To all men foes who merit praise,*  
—And all deserve it *now-a-days*.  
*With chaos beads, and hearts of steel,*  
—The devil's in it if they feel.  
*But ever studious to defame,*  
—And that's a most confounded shame.  
*They spare nor sex, nor age, nor youth,*  
—Most dreadful ravishers in truth !

C

But

\* See my motto.

But now in turn they shall be shewn,

—Pity such wretches were not known.

The PARSON, LAWYER, *new made* BEAU,

—These are the things I mean to shew.

*Such matter have I for my plan,*

—I'll do the best and worst I can.

Have you not seen the PARSON fit

Like other people, in the pit?

Have you not seen the PARSON stare,

And look as we do at a play'r?

Then *grin dislike*, and *diddle daddle*,

And *kiss the spike*, and *fiddle faddle*.\*

Of brawny shoulders—but you know him

From our squire *Murphy's* Fleet-ditch Poem.

Olmixon like, the critic stands,

With dirty shirt, and unwash'd hands,

Calls this a fool, and that an elf,

From judgment center'd in himself.

Or

\* See Ode to the Naiads.

Or, by th' *eternal* DOCTOR's fide,  
 With fullen melancholy pride,  
 Observes, remarks, and gathers news,  
 Talks much of SM-~~ELL~~-<sup>E</sup>T and REVIEWS :  
 And laughs aloud, though next to ME,  
 At fools of high or low degree.  
 In body clumsy, heavy, big,  
 With hat all pinch'd, and rusty wig,  
 In coat, which would much credit lack  
 Though one should swear it had been black,  
 With stick for beating, which would scare one,  
 Excepting those who're us'd to bear one,  
 He fits secure with awkward smile,  
 His features lengthening half a mile.  
 Nor blushes He, though DOLL or ROSE,  
 With bubbies lac'd up to her nose,  
 With fruit and leer upon her face,  
 Elbows his reverence out of place.  
 Your *civil* nymphs or *demyreps*,  
 He'll squire 'em up and down the steps,



Or join th' old Lady's formal chat,  
 To peep beneath the daughter's hat.  
 Nor mind a jot though He were seen  
 At play or farce by prudish Dean;  
 Who sees the same more orthodox,  
 Snug in the corner of a box.  
 He leaves his function with his bible,  
 And comes abroad to write a libel.  
 Parson and author take their turn,  
 The Rosgrad, Ch<sup>urch</sup>, Shandy St<sup>reet</sup> ne.  
 Grace and Religion on the Sunday,  
 And Wit and Satyre mount o' Monday.

But who is this so short and little?  
 'Tis little 1 without a tittle.  
 A make weight in the scale of nature,  
 A tiny body full of fatyre.  
 A genius, who has often writ  
 Stuff that has current past for wit;  
 But



But has not half so good pretence  
 As BERMINGHAMS to go for pence.  
*Chump*—He and He are ne'er asunder,  
 Like the brisk lightning and bold thunder.  
 A pair which all the world cries fie on,  
 Like Æsop's match, a mouse and lion,  
 Pudding and dumpling, thick and thin,  
 A hob-nail and a minikin.  
 From a well acted JEALOUS WIFE,  
 He got a present means of life.  
 For lean before, and wond'rous poor,  
 He starv'd upon the CONNOISSEUR'S  
 And who can tell but all his spite,  
 (For still the urchin loves to write,)  
 May vent its weak and saucy rage,  
 By bringing me *Me* upon the stage.  
 Draw DAPPER running up and down,  
 An errant catch-~~far~~t of the town,  
 The MASTER MATTHEW in his rimes,  
 And PETULANT of modern times.

Shifting

Shifting about from place to place,  
 A critic by his strange grimace,  
 Behind the scenes a green-room wit,  
 In gallery, music-box, and pit.  
 In side, in front, now here, now there,  
 The servant of, each under play'r,  
 Yet with the ROSCIAD's self would chat,  
 And change civility of hat.  
 Or else may paint your fav'rite DAPPER,  
 As Learning's skip and understrapper.  
 Following your great and mighty wits,  
 To catch up all their scraps and bits,  
 A lacquey to some giant Bayes,  
 To rub his vanity with praise.  
 So at Morocco, where the nation  
 Dubb horses faints for veneration,  
 A Christian slave, a sold dependant,  
 Must follow as their close attendant,  
 And watchful while the creatures trot,  
 Hold the clean towel and the pot,

To

To catch the droppings as they come,  
 And most obsequious, wipe the B<sup>u</sup>m\*.  
 But let him read my lines with awe,  
 And know that I have skill to draw  
 This nephew of a worthy peer,  
 Who only sees him once a year,  
 And till his mind and temper soften,  
 Would wish it was not half so often.  
 Who hates this little ape of fashion,  
 And but protects him from compassion.  
 While the pert nothing loves to vapour,  
 A GENIUS in ST. JAMES'S PAPER,  
 Which *He* and all his *Friends* shall rue,  
*We* have him—halloo, dogs, halloo.  
 But would you find his proper showman,  
 Go read my *Craftsman* to SQUIRE NOMAN.

Oh! for a penman's happy skill,  
 To give new sharpness to my quill,  
 Who

\* See Churchill's Voyages.



That to the life I might describe  
The last of all this desperate tribe.

Who wore a gown, a band, a bob?  
Let ECHO give the answer—Bob.  
Who was most cringingly employ'd  
To raise a few subscriptions—Lord.  
Who did our expectations rob,  
And would not take our money?—Bob.  
He is a *dunce*, a *knave*, a *fool*,  
And was an USHER at a school.  
He exercis'd a birchen rod,  
Taught *Hic hæc boc*, and *Qui quæ quod*.  
(*Latin* which I, God bless my friends,  
Have ready at my fingers ends.)  
Now metamorphos'd dares to drag  
An useless sword, and wear a bag.  
With solemn look and solemn stalk,  
A consequence in all his walk,  
And yet as that were not enough,  
With solemn pinch of critic snuff,

Pronouncing



Pronouncing vengeance on the rimes,  
 And all the stuff of modern times,  
 And yet so very generous grown,  
 He'll give us nonsense of his own.

In short I hate them from my soul,  
 Each person *singly*, and the *whole*.  
 For callous to the last degree,  
 The fellows only *laugh* at *Me*.

But all *their* portraits fairly shewn  
 Let me present ye with *my own*.

For law design'd, for law unfit,  
 (For what has law to do with wit,  
 Except its flighty fallies draw  
 The luckless wit within the law.)  
 I gave my genius all its flight,  
 And soar'd like any paper kite.  
 Reform'd my study, prun'd my shelves,  
 Put all my law-books by themselves.

RECORDS, REPORTS, and STATUTES shift  
 For gilt and letter'd POPE and SWIFT,  
 LAW DEEDS and WRITINGS for ESSAYS,  
 And ACTS of Parliament for PLAYS.  
 OXONIAN then (and reputation  
 Commences oft from Education  
 Mine finish'd on a novel plan.  
 Before my studies well began.  
 I paid no customary fees,  
 For university degrees ;  
 But through the Coffee-house led  
 ('Twas mercy I preserv'd my head)  
 Spite of each grave and letter'd dunce,  
 Was dubb'd a gentleman at once,  
 So often those for valour fam'd  
 Which Hudibras has passiv'd nam'd  
 Take a degree of honour, which  
 Is best conferr'd upon the breach;  
 And always, prior, undergoes  
 The ceremonial of the nose.

At first my vein was panegyric,  
 Then heigh for ~~flashing~~ and satyric.  
 For while I strove in praise to write,  
 I blunder'd on my talent by't.  
 While men of worth my praise refus'd,  
 And rather wish'd to be abus'd.

A CRITICAL REVIEWER next,  
 Abuse and scandal for my text,  
 I shew'd my *trivical* discerning,  
 In slobbering over works of learning.

And from my little dung-cart there  
 Toss'd filth about me with an air.  
 Then to the LEDGER flipp'd, and thence  
 Began an open war with sense.

And duly as the CRAFTSMAN came  
 Just popp'd my head out to defame,  
 Or riming in the GAZETTEER  
 Appear'd as witty as severe.

I writ three epigrams *so* good  
 They never could be understood.  
 Each neat and terse, the very thing,  
 And quite *Diavolo* for stinging.



For pure, and clafical, and chafte,  
 MARTIAL's the ftandard of my tafte,  
 The little GENIUS fo renown'd  
 I fell'd indignant to the ground,  
 Which made the printer kick and wince,  
 Who has not fold a paper fince.  
 I damn'd L<sup>dy</sup>'s † piece, tho' never feen,  
 Becaufe the man provok'd my fpleen.  
 Said thoufand things were never faid,  
 Writ reams of wit were never read.  
 Affecting hugely to defpife,  
 And lied till I believed my lies.

O reader here's the portrait true  
 Of *what* your DAPPER is, and *who*.  
 From life, from obfervation drawn,  
 Is it a likenefs? Mafter V<sup>augh</sup>n.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Cætera defunt.

† See the Craftsman.